

Mobile Phones Meet Road

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Disclaimer: I don't own them, I don't know them (Coz they're fictional), I just like writing about them. No casualties apart from Frank and two mobile phones. Last spotted, Frank had made a full recovery but was still stuck doing paperwork, and the mobile phones sadly didn't make it. They both have plaques of memory up at the Water Police Headquarters though. And I'm not affiliated with and brands mentioned, and if you try to sue me, as usual, I'll sue your pants off. Yay!

>
Author's notes: Did I ever tell you that my Dad's an author? Maybe this is hereditary. And one of my teachers wants me to be an author. But, and I should know, being an author does not bring in much money. So I'm gonna be an architect. But don't worry! As long as this site exists I will write fanfics for you guys, I promise! That is, unless I'm in some accident or something. Eesh. Anyway, this story is dedicated to everyone I've mentioned previously, I can't be bothered writing all the names out because I think my fingers are about to fall off. Woohoo. E-mail me at sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com okay? Groovy. I'm off! Oh, and if I missed out any ' thingys, I'm sorry, but the keyboard is frying up from my typing. I'm not doing about 60-70 wpm! Yay! Smokin'!!!!

>

>Mobile Phones Meet Road
Nikki Kirk

>*****

>Frank wandered into the Sydney Water Police Headquarters half an hour late as usual. "Morning Frank!" Helen's usual greeting came at the same time as always, five seconds after he'd walked in the door.

"Morning Helen!" Well, that was the same reply from Frank too.
How predictable was life?

>Frank signed in, then wandered up the steel staircase. He wandered down the corridor to the D's office, then waltzed in at the exact same time as he did every day. And Rachel didn't even have to look up because she knew he came in at the same time every day; half an hour late. "Morning Frank." Rachel looked up and gave him the usual "where the hell have you been?" glare.
"Morning Goldie!" Frank grinned his usual "I didn't do it!" grin, and sat down at his desk.

>Then Helen wandered in at the same time as usual to talk to them. "Either of you know where Jeff is?" Helen asked, a frown creasing her brow.
"Nope." They replied in unison.

>"Bugger. Thanks." Helen scratched her head and wandered out wondering how badly injured, or more to the point how dead Jeff was to make him late.
She wandered back down the hall, same time as usual, and went down to the desk she shared with her niece, Tayler Johnson. "They seen him?" Tayler asked, noticing her Aunt's furrowed brow.

>"No. Can you try him at home again Tayler?" Helen pushed a COPS phone book over in her direction.
"Not there." Tayler said as the answering machine cut in.

>"Yeah, Inspector, it's Tayler here, just calling to see where you are. I guess you're on your way, so I'll see you soon! Bye." Tayler left a message then hung up.
"He's never late." Tayler commented, attempting to find a case file from the filing cabinet.

>"I know." Helen said quietly, looking out the front windows.

>*****

>"Frank, Rachel, I've got a task for you two." Helen stuck her head through the door after lunch.
"Any sign of Jeff yet?" Rachel asked, concern written all over her face.

>"No, and that's what I'm about to ask you. Would you two mind swinging by Jeff's place and having a look around to see if he's there or not?" Helen asked, knowing she was probably breaking the rules, but this did not feel right.
"Yeah, sure. We're off then!" Rachel picked up her bag and headed out the door, Frank at her heels.

>The pair jumped in the Magna, and headed off through the streets of Sydney towards Cremorne Point, where Jeff lived in a small bungalow with two bedrooms. It was a hot, summery day in Sydney City, and the sky was bluer than usual due to a sweet, soft breeze floating through. It was a day where nothing felt like it would go wrong to normal people, but to experienced Detectives like Frank Holloway and Rachel Goldstein, they knew days like these could be very deceptive.
Pulling into Jeff's driveway, Rachel and Frank were dismayed to find Jeff's Holden Commodore still parked in the driveway. The white weatherboard house was quiet, maybe too quiet. Both Detectives' instincts told them that this was not good, not good at all. They quietly got out, and reached for their trusty old guns. Rachel motioned for Frank to be silent and to follow her. They ducked around the side of the house to the back, where they found the back slider door window shattered, glass sparkling on the decking and on the forest green carpet inside. The pair skirted underneath the windows, detecting only their footsteps, then crouched by the open door, ready to go inside and nab anyone inside. Rachel produced her mobile and called Helen, whispering what was happening. She requested back up, and when they heard the sirens approaching, they waited until an officer came around the side and indicated they were ready to pounce. Rachel had a fierce look of determination flashing through her ice-blue eyes, then she looked at Frank. She mouthed, "On the

count of three..." then flicked up one finger, then two, then three. The pair sprung out of their positions and flew inside, and at the same time heard the other officers bursting in the front door. "Police! Come out! Police! Drop your weapons!" Rachel and Frank bellowed at the top of their lungs.

>They cautiously eliminated rooms and hiding places, and finally concluded that no one was there. In Jeff's bedroom there was something lying on the pillow, a note. A few spots of blood were on the pillow, and the bed was an unmade mess. There were no signs of a struggle, so the pair concluded that the intruder had broken in while Jeff was sleeping, come into his room, then knocked him out cold with something hard, like a gun or a metal pole. Rachel rang Helen with the bad news, and Frank went outside for a breather. Then they went back to read the note.

>
By the time you find this note, we will be long gone. If you ever want to see Chief Inspector Jeffrey Hawker alive again, release Kiwi Dave. If you do not do this by midnight on Friday, this day being Monday, January 16, I will torture, and kill him, then come after Detective Rachel Goldstein.

>

>Frank looked at Rachel, then back at the note. A sickening silence had filled the room. The other officers had read it and were standing back looking shocked. Rachel calmly flipped open her mobile again and dialled Helen. "Helen? Rachel. Look, they've kidnapped him, and they're demanding the release of Kiwi Dave before Friday otherwise they'll torture and murder Jeff, then they're claiming they'll come after me... nah, long gone... yeah, we'll be back there soon I should imagine. Thanks Helen."

>*****

>"Jeff wouldn't want us to release him! He wouldn't!" Frank protested. This meeting was going nowhere. It was 10pm on the Thursday, and they still had no leads. It looked as though they'd have to set Kiwi Dave free.
"Frank, we don't *want* to, we *have* to. Do you want to see him dead?" Helen sighed, pulling at pieces of her dark hair.

>"No, of course I bloody don't!" Frank snapped, pacing the room.
"Then we have to release him." Helen scratched her eyebrows wearily, trying to keep her eyes open. After less than 12 hours of sleep in the whole week, she was definitely feeling the effects.

>"But...!" Frank began before being cut off by an equally tired Rachel Goldstein.
"FRANK! Shut up. We don't want to hear it. We can release him, then recapture him, okay?" Rachel folded her arms on the table and rested her weary head on them.

>Frank just paced the room, not looking at anything but the walls. Tayler suddenly popped her head through the door. "Rachel, call for you, line 2." She ducked out again and headed downstairs.
"Hello? Who is this?" Rachel put the phone onto speakerphone for the others to hear.

>"I've got your boss lady, and if you don't release Kiwi Dave by MIDNIGHT I'm gonna torture and kill him, got it?" A muffled voice came from the end of the phone.
"I thought it was tomorrow night." Rachel said quickly.

>"Changed me mind, okay?! Stop asking me questions ya bitch. I'm coming for you next...." The person hung up, and the three were left listening to the hollow tones coming from the line.

>*****

>"You sure about this?" Rachel asked Helen as they and Frank sat in a surveillance car.
"Yeah. Where is he?" Helen looked in a wing mirror trying to spot the suspects' car.

>"There." Rachel spotted the stolen red Honda S2000 approaching in the rear view mirror. She started the car, then slowly pulled out as the other car went past. After following them through several suburban streets, another car took over following them to avoid suspicion. They turned into a side street and began winding through a maze of streets towards the street where they would start following them again. The driver pulled the convertible onto the wharves, and Rachel followed them at a distance to avoid suspicion. The car stopped beside a massive luxury yacht and the pair of occupants got out, Kiwi Dave, and a tall, heavily built bloke. Rachel, Helen and Frank watched as they got on board. Rachel grabbed her mobile and called the station using a code for requesting backup in case they had a radio scanner on board, as many rich crooks did. They sat in silence watching for a few minutes until they heard the sirens and moved into position. The uniform cars swooped in around them, and the officers all got out. They moved towards the yacht expecting gunfire at any second, and jumped on board. Still there was silence. The guys must have gone below. Looking through the windows, Frank admired the leather seats, the built in fridge-freezer unit, and a massive TV in the room on the top deck. Then the team went inside, bursting through the doors and making the strong Perspex shudder violently. "Police! Show yourselves!" They scooted around inside, searching for the men, but to no avail.
"They're somewhere here, they didn't leave!" Rachel hissed at Frank and Helen.

>"No way they could've." The other two agreed.
"They must have another room somewhere." Rachel said loud enough for the other officers to hear. The search started up again, and Rachel and Helen finally located something they'd missed - a door to a freezer down below. They opened it cautiously, guns drawn, and found a large room that could have been a freezer, but was room temperature now. It was dark, and there were no lights in there, so they grabbed at their small but powerful torches attached to their belts and shone them around the walls. In one corner Rachel's light stumbled upon a sack-like object, but with closer scrutiny, she made out a human figure. But where was the other one? The lights revealed a row of metal shelves in the far end, and sacks of flour and stuff were on it. The other one must have been hidden in there. Rachel motioned to the other officers that they'd found them, and then the two women went forwards to make the arrest. The man in the corner, a man of average height, Kiwi Dave, tried to make a run for it, but was caught by the other officers. Rachel and Helen focussed their attention on the shelves. Their torches revealed an odd-shaped sack on the bottom shelf, and when they went closer it moved. "Police! You're under arrest! Come out with your hands up!" Rachel and Helen both yelled simultaneously springing forward, grabbing the object.

>The sack fell away, and the big bloke shook the pair off as though they were spiders, and made a run for the door, only to be arrested by Frank and two equally enormous cops. He went down and was cuffed quickly, protesting the whole while. Satisfied they'd caught Jeff's kidnapper and recaptured Kiwi Dave, they set off to the station to take them in for questioning.

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>"I don't think it was him, Frank!" Rachel slumped against the wall after interviewing the two suspects.
"Neither. What're we gonna do now? Release Kiwi Dave again?" Frank slid down the wall beside her, feeling totally drained and annoyed.

>"Nope!" Came Helen's voice. She appeared at the top of the stairs with a massive grin on her face.
"What?" The pair of Detectives asked at the same time.

>"He's okay! The kidnapper released him when he heard the story on

the news! Jeff found his way to the phone and called an ambulance. He's a bit beat up, but he's going to be fine." The whole station seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.
"But we still have something to worry about. When the kidnapper finds out he's gonna be really mad. And Rachel, he said that you would be next. I want you to stay the night with someone, do not, under any circumstances, tell anyone but me or Frank where you are staying, and do not go back to your house, is that clear? And I want you to keep your mobile on, and the lights on all night, and I want to know where you are at all times, okay? And you are not to be alone under any circumstances." Helen said firmly.

>"Righto." Rachel sighed, her mind fogging over from her lack of sleep.
"Good." Helen smiled a smile of relief, then went back downstairs.

>"So, where you gonna stay?" Frank asked suddenly.
"I dunno." Rachel rubbed her eyes, then looked up at him.

>"How about my place? Sleep on the sofa or something?" Frank suggested.
"You sure?" Rachel asked, stifling a yawn.

>"Yeah. What's the time?" Frank asked, catching the yawn.
"Shivers! It's 11.50pm already!" Rachel exclaimed, tapping her watch to see if it was broken or something.

>"Right." Frank led the way down to reception, and they stopped to say goodbye to Helen.
"Night!" They said in unison.

>"Night. And Rachel?"
Rachel looked back to see what Helen wanted. "Be careful." Helen said, a look of undeniable worry on her face.

>"I'll be fine." Rachel said. Famous last words.
>*****

>At 3am in the morning, Rachel was woken by the sound of smashing glass. She reached for her gun, but hadn't managed to yank it out of its holster when she felt cold metal on her temple. "Give me the gun." A gruff voice commanded and the owner of the voice grabbed her tightly by the shoulder.
"I don't have a gun." Rachel lied.

>"Bull shit! Don't lie to me! It's right there, I can feel it. Fine, if you ain't gonna co-operate, I'll get it myself." The guy hit her across her face hard with his gun and reached under her jacket and pulled the gun away from her grasp.
"Frank, where the fuck are you?" Rachel thought, trying to think of a way to escape.

>As if he heard her Frank's gun went off behind them. "Fuck! Drop yer gun or I'll shoot 'er! Give it ta me ya bastard!" The gruff voice yelled at Frank. Frank grudgingly handed it over, pleading Rachel for forgiveness. "Right, gimme yer mobiles." The man ordered Rachel and Frank, and they handed that over as well.
"Get yer car keys out. Give 'em ta me." Frank handed them over, seeing no way out of this.

>"Right. Where's yer car?" The man bellowed impatiently.
"In the garage." Frank replied slowly.

>"Get down there!" The guy dragged Rachel downstairs after Frank, ignoring her yelp as he pulled out a thick bunch of hair.
"Let us go you bastard!" Rachel was sick of this.

>"Why should I when I can have so much fun with you, eh?" The man blew on her neck and laughed, then ignored Frank's glare. "Whatcha gonna do mate? Kill me?" The guy laughed again, then opened the boot. "Get in." He yelled at Frank. Frank obeyed, and the boot slammed shut. He had no way out.
"You get in there. Crawl across! I'm drivin'!" The man yelled at Rachel.

>"What are you yelling for? I'm right here!" Rachel hissed at him, seeing his ugly face for the first time.
"A smart Alex eh? Shut up bitch." The guy yelled, opening the garage door with the remote and

backing the car out onto the road.

>Rachel stared out of the window wondering what the hell he'd do next.

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>Helen called Frank's house at 4am to see how they were holding up, but when she received no answer from the phone or either of their mobiles, she called for backup and drove over to Frank's house as fast as possible to find the broken slider at the rear of the townhouse. She went downstairs to find the car gone, and called Jeff at the hospital. This was not right, not right at all.

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>"What the fuck? Pieces of shit!" The guy yelled when the Frank's phone rang. He picked both of them up off the shelf by the radio, and threw them out the window where they plummeted to meet their deaths on the hard tarmac. "Great," thought Rachel, "now we're basically stuffed!". She glared at the guy, then turned back to look out of the window, trying to guess what he was going to do. She no longer recognised where they were, but she knew it was near the Blue Mountains, and it was out in the wop wops. Great. Spectacular amount of information, that was! "What's your name?" Rachel asked suddenly, hoping to get it out of him.
"None of yer business." He snapped, then suddenly softened his look. "Call me Fish."

>"Fish? How'd you get your name, eh? You a fisherman or something?" Rachel went on, trying to get him to loosen up a bit, knowing that Frank was probably listening in the back as well.
"Yeah, go fishin' with me mates in the weekends." Fish grinned showing blackened and missing teeth.

>"Yeah? Whereabouts? Out by the Heads?" Rachel asked, happy she'd got this far with him.
"Yeah. No more chat, bitch, shuddup and let me think." Fish turned on her suddenly, his green eyes flashing cruel intentions.

>Rachel turned back to the window, still wondering how they'd get out of the mess they were in.

>*****

>"Any sign of them?" Helen asked one of the replacement Detectives, a tall, snotty-looking woman of about 50.
"No, not a clue yet. This... Rachel, is it? Yes, does she know what she's doing? From what I've heard she lets her mouth off a lot, so to speak, and that might be dangerous in this case." The woman showed no compassion, no understanding, she'd walked in and basically taken over the show from Helen, her senior, and now she was insulting Rachel.

>"Excuse me, Detective..." Helen hadn't remembered her name.
"Daniels." The woman looked down her nose at her again.

>"Detective Daniels, Senior Detective Constable Rachel Goldstein is the best Detective I have ever met in my 20 years on the force. I suggest you pay her a little respect, especially since new Detectives with more experience than your three years are not particularly hard to come by." Helen said coldly, looking her straight in the eye and enjoying the shocked look the woman was gaining.
"Was that a threat, Sergeant?" The woman said in a high pitch.

>"No, that was a promise. Pull your act together and start doing your job or you are outa here, so to speak." Helen turned on her heel, satisfied with the tongue-lashing she'd just given out, and headed back to the phones.

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>Fish yanked Rachel out of the car and pushed her towards a roughly built cabin in the middle of the bush. He then let Frank out of the boot, and pushed him over to where Rachel was standing. He looked

down and started loading his gun, and the pair of Detectives both decided to make a run for it. "BANG!" the shot ricocheted off the surrounding trees, and Frank fell to the ground. Rachel leapt to his side, and found he'd been hit in the shoulder. "Run, Rach! Leave me, run!" Frank urged her, but she would not leave him to the mercy of the animal. "No!" Rachel grunted, hugging him to her.
"Rach!" Frank tried to protest, but Rachel glared at him.

>Fish grabbed Rachel by the scruff of her neck and pulled her up. "Get up, you!" He kicked Frank in the groin and laughed evilly.
Frank stumbled to his feet, one arm paralysed with pain, and his body keeled over from the kick. Fish grabbed him by the collar and dragged them both inside. In the cabin there were two beds, a wood stove, and a lamp. A box with doors in a corner was obviously the pantry, and a pot in the corner looked to be the toilet. Frank gripped his injured shoulder tightly, trying to ignore the pain and the blood spilling from the wound. Rachel looked at him, wishing she could help him. Fish pushed the pair onto one of the beds and bolted the door shut behind him, locking them in together. "Right, we're in the middle of nowhere, understand? No one is around for miles. No one can hear you. I'm off now to call your little buddies, and when I get back, I'm gonna see a heck of a lot of you..." The guy looked Rachel up and down, winked at her, laughed, then unbolted the door and walked out. The pair heard a click of the lock, the car start, and then he was gone, and they were alone in the cabin together.

>"Frank!" Rachel grabbed Frank and looked at his shoulder. "Take your shirt off, I can't see." She complained, helping him unbutton it.
She looked up suddenly to see a look in her partner's eye she hadn't seen before, but she knew what it was. "Ooooh, no! Nah uh. No. Frank! Stop it. Partners." She reminded him quickly.

>"Sorry." He muttered, then moaned from the pain pulsing in his arm.
"Oooh. Ouch." Rachel couldn't see the bullet, it was a deep wound. And it was bleeding quite a bit, but it was dark red blood, not bright red arterial blood. "Just as well." Rachel muttered to herself.

>"What?"
"Nothing. Sit up. Holloway! Sit up. And put your arm on the windowsill... That's it!!!" Rachel examined the window. She could fit through it, but could Frank? It was a risk they'd have to take.

>"Right, you first or me first?" Rachel stated in a no-nonsense tone.
"What? You gotta be kidding, Goldie!" Frank exclaimed, looking at the window.

>"Oh, yeah! Right, turn around." Rachel suddenly had an idea for a bandage for his arm.
"What?"

>"Just do it Frank."
"No! It'll hurt!"

>"Fine!" Rachel yanked off her jacket, threw it on the bed, then ripped off her blouse. Frank gawked at his bra-clad partner in amazement. "Stop it Holloway, or I'll leave you here." Rachel snapped, ripping an arm off her blouse.
"Uh." Frank could only reply. Rachel wrapped it tightly around his shoulder, then set the remainder of her expensive blouse as a sling. She pulled on her jacket again, buttoned it up, and then looked at Frank.

>"Well? What're you waiting for?" Rachel snapped again, her hands on her hips.
"Nothing." Frank shut his mouth, and looked at the window.

>"Do you want me to go first?" Rachel asked sweetly.
"That'd be good." Frank nodded, standing up and getting out of her way.

>"Right then." Rachel pushed the window open and pulled her body through it without much trouble, doing a walkover onto the ground

after landing on her hands.
"You coming?" Rachel called impatiently, wondering when Fish would come back.
>"Yeah." Frank's head emerged, then his shoulders squeezed through, though not without pain. Rachel supported his body as he squirmed out with one hand, then dropped his feet to the ground.
"Ready?" Rachel asked, supporting him on her shoulder.
>"Yeah." Frank replied.
They headed off up the tree-lined dirt driveway, enroute to freedom.

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Helen looked at her watch. It was 1pm, and still no sign of Rachel and Frank. The pair of Detectives that were replacing them were a pair of wankers, as she'd so delicately told Tayler, and weren't coming up with anything fast! Just then one of the wankers interrupted her thoughts. "Sergeant?" Detective Bradley, the male one of about 40 stood in front of her.

>"Yes?" Helen asked impatiently.
"Uh, we just got a call from the kidnappers." He said dopily.

>"And?" Helen was all ears now.
"And the guy said that he was gonna rape and murder Rachel Goldstein, and he's already hurt Detective Holloway. He said we've had our chance, and if we release Kiwi Dave for good, he said he wouldn't kill them, but he's still gonna do Detective Goldstein." Detective Bradley mumbled worriedly.

>Helen's stomach hit the ground. Her heart skipped a beat. Her head felt light, and she was sure she was going to vomit. They had to find them before he got back to Rachel and Frank.

>*****

>Frank tried to look at his watch, but it was on his injured arm. He groaned, sick of the walking, the pain, the midday heat, and the lack of water. Rachel glared at him and carried on walking. "Rach, you got the time?" Frank asked her, moping along behind her.
"1pm. Come on, keep going." Rachel was about as tired as Frank looked. She too was sick to death of their predicament. They'd been walking for hours, and hadn't seen a single car or house. Frank wasn't going to make it much further, so she was praying they'd find a house soon. As if to answer their prayers, the roadside bush suddenly cleared, and a small house appeared. Breathing a sigh of relief with seeing a car outside, Rachel and Frank cautiously wandered up to the front door and knocked. After a few seconds the pair could hear footsteps, soft ones, and the door opened to reveal a little old woman with grey hair in a dark blue dress. "Yes? Can I help you? Oh, dear sir! What happened to you? Come in! Come in!" The old woman ushered the grateful pair inside and sat them down with cups of hot coffee awaiting the ambulance and the police.

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"They found them! Serg! They found them!" Tayler sprang into reception with a bright face.

>"Are they okay?" Helen asked quickly.
"Frank was shot in his arm, he's in theatre now, and Rachel's waiting for you in the All Saints hospital." Tayler replied.

>Quick as a flash Helen grabbed her bag, a squad car's keys, then ran out of the Water Police Headquarters to go and find her two friends.

>*****

>20 minutes later, Rachel looked up as the sound of running feet approached her. She saw Helen running towards her, and put a massive grin on her face, the biggest Helen had seen for a long time.

"Rachel!" Helen flew at her and grabbed her in a bear hug.
"Hi Helen." Rachel's relief was evident.

>"He didn't do anything to you, did he?" Helen's face suddenly went

dead serious.
"Nah, got outa there right after he left to call you lot." Rachel replied, her look suggesting that she'd have done him serious damage if he'd tried anything on her.
>Helen smiled with relief, then patted Rachel on the shoulder. "How's Frank?" Helen asked, looking at a young woman being wheeled in on a stretcher covered in blood.
"He's going to be fine apparently. He's going to have to stay out of trouble for a while though." Rachel grinned at the thought of Frank sitting at his desk doodling on some paper while she was out solving crimes with another Detective.

>Suddenly a doctor appeared out of nowhere and approached the pair. "Detective Goldstein? I'm Doctor Rob Van Dyke. That gash doesn't look too good, would it be okay if I had a look at it?" The doctor ushered the pair into a small room after gaining Rachel's grudging consent.
"How did you get it?" The doctor fumbled around for some things in a drawer.

>"I have no idea actually, I didn't even know about it till you pointed it out." Rachel tried to think of when she got it but to no avail.
"It's a nasty gash, I'm very surprised you didn't feel it." The doctor mopped the area with disinfectant, then pulled out a needle.

>"Stitches? Oh gross." Rachel protested, then suddenly remembered how she got it.
"Fish..." She muttered.

>"Huh?" Helen and the doctor looked at her as though she were mad.
"Fish, the guy who kidnapped us. He whacked his gun across my face at Frank's place." Rachel muttered, wincing as her brain finally acknowledged the pain.

>The doctor finished the last of the four stitches and stood back to look at his job well done. "Will it scar?" Helen asked before Rachel got the chance.
"No, it shouldn't." The doctor pulled a plaster out of the drawer and put it over the stitches.

>"This will help the skin heal slower, but better. It reduces scarring because the body doesn't feel it has to do a rough quick fix." The doctor explained.
"Can we go and see Frank now?" Rachel was itching to see her partner and was sick of having all the attention.

>"Yes, yes, of course. Right this way. He should be... waking up about now." The doctor quickly looked at his watch, then led them through a maze of corridors to a post-op ward.
The two women entered the room and spotted Frank at the far end on the right by the window getting fussed over by a nurse. "Nah, not like that, bit left? Yeah, yeah, that's got it! Perfect." Frank was obviously enjoying being the centre of attention.

>"Holloway! Stop harassing the nurses." Rachel snapped loudly.
Frank looked up startled. He then put a massive grin on his face, and the cheeky twinkle erupted. "What, so are you two gonna fuss over me instead? Thanks love." Frank patted the nurse with his good hand as she left them alone.

>"In your dreams, Holloway." Rachel sniggered.
"I hope you realise you are going to have to do paperwork till your arm's totally healed." Helen effectively burst Frank's bubble and wiped the smile off his face.

>"Eh?" He protested loudly.
"Keep it down Holloway, you're disturbing the other patients." Rachel scolded him, smiling at a frowning old man in the next bed.

>Helen and Rachel left soon after when Frank got sick of being the subject of the jokes, and headed off to Cutters to celebrate, again.
>*****

>"Holloway... Yeah? Thanks Helen!" Frank stretched out in the

comfortable hotel bed with his only available arm at 4am, then put his mobile back on the bedside table.
"Hey Goldie! Rachel! Wake up!" Frank shook Rachel awake.

>"Don't TOUCH me!" Rachel snapped, whacking Frank across the chest with her sleepy arm, and wondering why the hell all of the two bedroom units had been booked that night.
"They found him!" Frank said joyously, ignoring the filthy look he could feel boring into him from his partner in the dark.

>"Eh? Oh, great. Shut up Holloway, I need my beauty sleep." Rachel muttered, too tired to think straight, and immediately fell back into a deep sleep.
"Beauty sleep, eh? Night Rachy." Frank grinned to himself and lay in bed feeling his eyelids becoming heavier and heavier, and drifted into a deep sleep of his own.

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>
"FRANK!!!!" Jeff bellowed from his office a week later.

>Frank grinned. Everything was back to normal. And that's how he wanted it to stay. He wandered out to go and see what he'd done now. Rachel watched him walk out the door and heaved a sigh. Everything was back to normal. Predictability reined once more. Rachel went back to her work, waiting for Frank's return. Five minutes later he walked in the door looking rather sheepish. "Well?" Rachel prompted him.
"Well what?" Frank asked.

>"What did you do this time?" Rachel was grinning inside.
"I fed the fish instant coffee." Frank looked kind of sheepish.

>"Yeah?"
"Yeah."

>"Yeah?"
"Yeah!"

>Helen walked past the office with a massive grin on her face. Everything was *definitely* back to normal.

>The End!!!!

>*****

>Well, what did you think? E-mail me at, yes you guessed it, sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com okay? Groovy!
Nikki.

> <p><p>

End
file.